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THE BRIDAL OF STRABANE; AND OTHER POEMS.

BY JAMES MOORE, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF

"The World's Battle;" "The Life of Washington;" "History of the Great Rebellion;" "The Knapeliad," a poem in three cantos; "The Shepherd of the Wissahickon," a poem in three cantos; "Kilpatrick and our Cavalry;" "The Centennial," a poem; "The Triumph of Truth;" "The City of God;" "Our Redeemer's Kingdom;" "The Mansions in Heaven;" "Saint Paul;" "The Star in the East;" "Happiness;" "Divine Attributes;" "Divine Providence;" "Redeeming the Time;" "The Dream of Life;" "What is Man?" "The Necklace;" "Willard Glazier, the Cavalier;" "The Children of Pride;" "Redemption;" "The Rival Queens;" "Derry Delivered;" "The First Crusade;" "Maria Foster;" "Siege of Richmond;" "Rosamond;" "Samaritan and her People;" "The Beautiful;" "Now or Never;" "Cora Lee," &c.

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JAMES MOORE, M. D.,

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1883.

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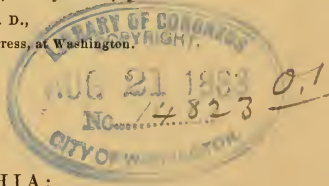
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THE BRIDAL OF STRABANE.

My prose and verse, Amanda, thou hast read,
Thou hast a heart, and kind one, and a head
That comprehends ; a judgment clear, correct,
A taste detective of the least defect,
In thought or matter or expression's force,
Tracing ideas to their very source.
A critic not severe but sternly just,
One whom in this, and aught else we may trust.
Pure, gentle, cultured, elevate, refined,
Thy sex's ornament—of noble mind.
Propitious, then, to these my efforts be,
They must please all if so approved by thee.
Then please again that kind attention lend,
Not hitherto denied thy faithful friend,
And as thine eye shall glance upon the page,
And line on line thy interest engage,
Let nought offend my flowing thought so free
Should seek and dedicate my strains to thee.
Happy should they a grateful interest claim,
In them embalmed thy ever honored name,
As on my heart inscribed though absent far,
It seeks thee as the needle polar star,
And should we destined be again to meet,
Lady! 'twill be to me than honeycomb more sweet.

There's nothing stranger in this world of change
Than this ; however man may chance to range
Throughout the world, to one idea true,
A thousand varying things may meet his view ;
One master passion, one enduring thought,
As great a change as destiny has wrought,

As if therefor ordained, and proves the will
 When steadfast fixed, can oft such ends fulfill
 As one would fancy vain and only deem
 Such thoughts but reverie of changing dream,
 To prove which lend attention, gentles, hear
 How I can make the point somewhat more clear.

Where Derg rolls his silvery stream through fields
 Which to the husbandman rich harvest yields,
 Where midst the spreading branch of many a tree,
 The thrush sends forth his song right merrily,
 Near where in dust my loved forefathers sleep,
 Where peaceful silence reigns, repose so deep
 Around prevails that save the light footfall
 Of those who seek the village church at call
 Of solemn bell on Sunday, or for prayer
 At vesper hour all, all, is stillness there.
 And Castlederg, the little pleasant town,
 More favored than the seats of high renown,
 Is unmolested by the din and strife
 In larger places populous still rife,
 With noise and discord fit to harass life.

'Tis here my mother's dear remains are laid,
 A suffering saint whom physic could not aid;
 But faith and hope and love brought that repose
 To her sick couch the worldling never knows.
 Her death triumphant might to sceptic prove
 The all-sufficiency of heavenly love.
 At threescore years and ten she went to rest,
 And mingles now with those among the blest.

Near this, and not remote from banks of Mourne,
 Is where my childhood strayed, where I was born,
 Where first instruction to my tender mind
 Imparted left some traces fair behind.

A mother's love and care, and watchful eye
 Taught the right path; did partially supply
 The wants which every spirit tried must know,
 Too prone to evil and to good too slow,
 Yet might I this at least and safe aver
 She made me of good principles the heir;
 And these I lost not, but still keep in view,
 Amanda! you have seen her portrait, 'tis like you.
 Like yours her virtues and like yours her sway
 Had influence to point me the right way.
 Not Cynthia fair was yet more fair than she,
 Though neither could in worth e'er excel thee,
 But, pardon, this is not what I would say;
 You see how I digress and further stray,
 The reader will perceive you lead my thoughts away.

Yet, here a tribute I must justly pay,
 To her I told thee of when I did say
 Her virtues I have known for twenty years,
 Through sorrow and deep woe and hopes and fears,
 Her onward way by Heaven's own help she steered,
 Lady, you know her virtues are revered
 By me, and likewise, too, by every friend,
 While happier hours her later steps attend,
 And happy may she be! her life began
 Near where my tale does; that is near Strabane.

There bloomed within a gentle inland vale,
 Embowered with trees, the subject of my tale,
 A little maiden modest to portray
 Her artless charms her graces all display
 Is far beyond my talent; I'll forego
 Such essay as but ignorance must show
 Sufficient to the fancy to declare,
 She looked like budding rose her beauty rare,
 Nor less her mind than person promised fair,
 Her very look enough told what was there,

And how some years would in full bloom unfold
 Perfections still enhanced as she grew old,
 Of tender age and brighter every day,
 She prattled, laughed in cheerfulness so gay
 That all felt sweet delight her voice to hear,
 For unto all who knew her she was dear.
 But dearer still to one fond youth was she,
 Amid his young compeers the manliest, he,
 Surpassed them all in courtesy and grace,
 Ingenuousness was well marked in his face,
 And very youthful did fair promise give
 To future years were he allowed to live
 Till manhood's prime should come and grant
 Its full maturity to such a noble plant.
 Charles was he called, and Mary was her name,
 Who filled his youthful breast with ardent flame,
 The truest, purest that can fancied be,
 Which in hearts generous has reality.

They yet were children as one may say,
 But young affection still will have its way.
 'Tis nature's way of dealing, secret too,
 Nor will it be apparent to the view
 Of sages who most wisely on this reason,
 How such exists so early in the season,
 And does not care to wait ; for e'en a glance
 May cast the soul into ecstatic trance,
 Quick, powerful as the bright flash electric
 Which makes the features suddenly seem hectic,
 And blushes, muttered words will oft discover
 To tender maidens who she has as lover,
 Nor words nor looks alone may serve to show
 To those who interest feel, somehow they know
 By some deep sympathy that as by chain
 Unites congenial hearts which to unbind were vain.

He left his home and country yet a youth,
 And with his family an emigrant in truth,

Deemed it much better to cross o'er the sea
 To this more favored land ; by industry,
 By patient perseverance her to win,
 His youthful only love, and her alone
 To cherish in his heart of hearts till fate
 Or Providence would grant her as his mate.
 What were their vows and parting I can't say,
 I only know they loved. He went his way ;
 Years passed and rolled their onward course till time
 Brought back a manly youth to the same clime
 That knew his birth, and boyhood, and his love,
 Unchanged in all, though he was forced to rove ;
 And she was yet unwedded, constant still,
 Their meeting glad and joyous ; it did fill
 Her heart and his with rapture those can tell,
 Who love, and part, and meet again ; so well
 They kept their counsel, that though long away,
 His glad return was as if but yesterday
 He had departed ; for if we but ponder,
 'Twill seem the heart by absence has grown fonder.
 And such it was with them report soon ran
 Of their engagement, Bridal of Strabane
 Had then its place, and happy still are they ;
 Love rules their hearts with its all potent sway.

RETRIBUTION.

THAT this is not the state of recompense,
 That good and evil are judged far from hence,
 That final punishment, ultimate reward,
 Is the hereafter when each cause being heard,
 The bad shall suffer and the good find bliss,
 According to God's perfect righteousness,
 All will allow who will those records read
 To man assigned to help in time of need.

Yet, I have thought upon this subject much,
 And one idea does my free mind touch
 With this one, that rewards are often here
 And sorrow, pain, and suffering will appear
 To follow courses that are good or evil,
 Even without a league made with the devil,
 Who certainly is ever prompt and steady
 To render aid and counsel ever ready,
 But, who is often blamed with cause unjust,
 Who prompts not but 'tis an affair of lust.

Virtue, for instance, is her own reward,
 Nor this to comprehend will be so hard,
 If we reflect the peace of mind it brings,
 And contrast this with injured conscience stings,
 Which soon or late will rue the evil done,
 Whose torment dire is sure enhanced by none,
 Imprudence too and an unguarded course,
 Will often bring despair and deep remorse,
 As spendthrifts use profusely all their wealth,
 And pleasure's votaries undermine their health,
 And gamblers lose their all by single throw,
 That plunges them for life in depths of woe,
 And those who frequent quaff the flowing bowl,
 Let in o'erwhelming floods to drown the soul.
 If one good turn another will deserve,
 Him served with bad, another bad will serve,
 Hence feuds and the vendetta and dark hate,
 E'en generations yet unborn shall wait,
 While nations well as individuals show,
 Such has not ceased yet in this world of woe ;
 But, bad in practice as in theory,
 Vengeance belongs to God and only he
 Should in due time as when it seems him best,
 Make equal all and passions lull to rest.
 The garden of the soul's o'errun with weeds,
 Which become rooted and bear deadly seeds,

Unless by reasons sound and grace destroyed
 And heavenly plants brought in to fill the void,
 Nor need one hope two wrongs a right will make,
 The evil course one must at once forsake
 Who would do well and enter on the good,
 While all that tends to ill is firm withstood,
 But, even in this life as is the root,
 So will the tree be found and such the fruit.



TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

Y'OU'VE gone your friends to visit, I know not
 And if you told me I do not recall,
 What you said then ; or I perhaps forgot,
 Something you said I'll ne'er forget at all,
 Though what it was in secret I retain,
 Known to myself alone, it will remain.

Well ! my best wishes ever on you wait,
 Present or absent, with all happiness,
 All comfort, joy, as found in earthly state,
 Which seldom constantly e'en true hearts bless,
 For all is mingled here with bitter sweet,
 Nought lasting for the longing heart full meet.

And wilt thou think of me ? Nay I fear not,
 Oblivion should with all her powers efface
 Me from thy memory ; or time should blot
 My name from its fair tablet, that no trace,
 Might there be found, or of our friendship past,
 No ! to eternal ages it must ever last !

My spirit seeks thee, and though not in space,
 Or time, with thee holds ever converse sweet,
 In conscious thought ne'er absent in the race,
 Fantastic, swift, still rushing on to meet,

Or join or follow thy act, word, and thought,
With pure affection and fond kindness fraught.

The places where erewhile thou hast sojourned
Have more than passing interest for me.
In your delights I have rejoiced, and mourned
When sorrow's dart had penetrated thee;
For potent sympathy my being o'er
Was cast and held me fast, and free no more.

The heavens and earth, the beautiful and bright,
The good, the graceful ever teem with thee;
Thy image uneffaced, in dreams by night,
The flowery plain, the stars, the restless sea,
As if thy spirit came, to kind impart
Some influence to cheer my drooping heart.

To thee, oh loveliest! shall affection cling,
And Friendship's purest tribute shall be thine;
Its offerings it ever more shall bring
In glad profusion at the honored shrine.
And not 'tis hoped without acceptance given,
Pleasing at once to thee and favoring Heaven!

Then cheer thee as thou mayest every hour,
Whate'er enjoyment, friends, and fair scenes give,
Each rural solitude and fairy bower,
And converse sweet; and this of me believe,
That nought on earth could ever such bliss be
As sharing these delights in thy sweet company!

THE ARCHBISHOP.

THE sixteenth century produced a man,
Both great and good, Archbishop of Milan,
A cardinal; nor can I here refrain,
To sound his praises in my rustic strain,

And though with powers unequal, let all know
 The virtues of Saint Charles Borromeo,
 If him they follow who rule church and state,
 The advantage to our country will be great.
 Each popish clergyman, dissenting preacher
 In him will find a rare example—teacher.

In Northern Italy and Lake Maggiore,
 A little distant from its western shore,
 Four rocky islands raised their heads erewhile,
 The largest two with verdure, flowers, fruit, smile,
 Converted into Eden by the care,
 Conveying fruitful earth; the barren there,
 And solitary place is for them glad,
 And all to blossom as the rose is made,
 Where terraces to no mean height arise,
 And castled turrets point them to the skies,
 Such transformation in a figure faint,
 Might serve to show the good works of the saint.

His birthplace was Arona; he descended
 From noble sires; was also recommended
 By this, that of promotion gave him hope,
 His mother was the sister of the Pope,
 And well the holy father did to raise
 To dignity so high; for worthy praise
 E'en when an abbacy he held in giving
 The income to the poor, not all his living,
 But still a principle it clearly showed,
 And proved him early as a man of God.
 His education was superior, he
 In study lost no opportunity,
 His mind was highly cultured; humble too
 His spirit, even in splendor, and the view
 Of wealth, and riches, honors, and high station,
 All nought to him compared with his salvation.
 He was a great reformer; in that age
 Some change was needed to change history's page.

But he within the church reform confined,
 While others acted with a different mind.
 'Tis not my business to take up their fight,
 For each says his the just cause and the right,
 Though now I think in this enlightened day,
 All persecution's ceased, quite done away.

Saint Charles did the cathedral purify,
 Trophies, and monuments all things that lie
 On side of worldly vanity must cease,
 The house of God is not for pride but peace,
 The churches too he visited his care
 Order restored, and veneration there,
 Again for sacred things 'gan to prevail,
 Which in lax age were often found to fail.
 The monasteries too soon felt his sway,
 Whose courses oft relaxed he swept away,
 By discipline restored their failures many,
 In this perhaps was unsurpassed by any,
 He knew 'tis education forms the priest,
 They should be learned men, and at the least,
 Their lips of all men should keep knowledge,
 So founded many a school and many a college,
 And languages in anniversaries show
 And varied tongues praise of Borromeo,
 As was shown lately in our own great State,
 Where Catholic learning's progress 's very great.
 Saint Charles did many works of charity,
 Was good to all of every degree,
 When pestilence prevailed he labored hard
 To lessen misery and want; reward
 Of all his efforts and his self-denial,
 His great beneficence in every trial,
 Which sickness, sorrow, suffering, and death,
 In all affliction, torture men beneath
 The skies; Saint Charles's ready aid
 As some just debt was ever promptly paid,

Till feeble health and failing brought him down,
 To earthly dust raised to immortal crown,
 The people raised to him a monument,
 But how he exercised decrees of Trent,
 Are his great praise to all good men's content.

THE STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

THEY were delighted all
 At the strawberry festival,
 The young and the old were there,
 Each face quite devoid of care,
 And radiant with smiles,
 Oft involving love's wiles,
 There many a dimpled cheek,
 There many a glance did speak
 In language without mistake
 How the affair did take.
 Social the scene, and showing
 Some things worth knowing,
 This pleasant intercourse
 Has in our nature its source,
 What faces with pleasure's beams ;
 Lively, gay, innocent, seems
 Void of all fraud and guile,
 Worth spending there a while,
 Not all the ancient sages,
 Plato or Aristotle's pages,
 Can wisdom more display,
 Than one learns in this way.
 Too great restraint thrown off,
 Even a gentle laugh,
 Loud one would fit ill,
 One may indulge a little
 Passing like pleasant dream,
 Though none should say I'scream.

LINES TO CYNTHIA.

EXTREMES are bad and ill attends
 Whatever tends toward excess,
 The safer path which makes amends,
 And all strong passions can repress.

And keeps within right reason's bounds,
 And watches o'er each impulse strong,
 When moral blindness all confounds,
 And loses sight of right and wrong.

There is a middle way quite safe,
 Where one may run in safe career,
 Though fierce temptations hover rife
 Around, and ruin's gulf is near.

Nor may one trust himself though he
 Has best intentions, purest mind,
 For mailed in self-integrity,
 Unguarded moment may him find.

An impulse careless, footing rash,
 May hurl him down to untold woe,
 Where his best hopes at once may dash
 'Gainst perilous rocks concealed below.

Right reason will suffice for guide,
 And prudence ever on her guard,
 Respect, esteem, walk side by side,
 Affection, love will not retard.

While sacred honor's voice is heard,
 And conscience monitress is there,
 Where aims are honest, and preferred,
 The decorous with studious care.

The cold, indifferent, may escape
 Temptations of the ardent kind,
 But their reward these too will reap,
 And evils different not less find.

Still waters that no ripples give,
 Upon the surface, deeply run,
 And in their eddies oft receive
 The trusting, by such trust undone.

Right principle will surely lead
 Those who the middle way pursue ;
 Who of each step will take due heed,
 Will never yet a stumble rue.

But, grace in all things must be sought
 By all who tread life's slippery path
 Their course pursue that every thought
 May shun of punishment the wrath.



A TRIP TO GERMANTOWN.

OUR citizens by railway car
 Have short delay, nor is it far,
 To reach fair Germantown ;
 They love the rural scenes, green lanes,
 And find it well repays their pains,
 This seat of old renown.

For who a patriot's breast can bear,
 Nor think of scenes enacted there,
 To make the nation free ;
 Who can behold the house of Chew,
 Nor think upon the fire it drew,
 When lion-hearted patriots true,
 Sought death or liberty ?

This scene that now so pleasant seems,
 To realize the poet's dreams,
 Blooming in summer's sheen,
 With stately mansions, avenues,
 Which please the meditative muse
 Who loves the sylvan scene.

This very scene beheld the strife
 Of foes contending, and was rife
 With troops in war's array ;
 And glorious Washington was there,
 With patriots at his side to share
 The honors of the day.

And though a mist and panic came,
 That robbed these warriors of the fame
 That victory would have given,
 Yet was the plan laid down with skill,
 And each his duty did fulfill,
 Events are not as is man's will,
 But what is will of Heaven.

Nor are the folks degenerate race,
 That dwell in and around this place,
 Compared to days of yore ;
 The hardy sons of these famed shades,
 Are brave, as beauteous the fair maids,
 As filled these scenes before.

And Germantown's all-honored dead,
 Are not forgotten ; lowly laid,
 The storied monument ;
 And sculptured figure will convey,
 With many a poet's glowing lay,
 Their fame to time's remoter day,
 As glorious their lives spent.

THE AGES OF MAN.

MAN's ages from the cradle to the tomb,
 From birth until the period of his doom,
 Great Shakspeare says are seven; if so it be,
 'Twill well agree with what all those may see.
 In doctrine physiologists set forth,
 Who say that the child, seven years from birth,
 Is changed in every corporeal sense,
 No particle unchanged, and seven years hence,
 Another change ensues, so each seven years,
 Long as he lives the change again appears,
 And man is modified as he runs his race.
 We think the world a scene of varying change,
 And so it is, but can not be more strange
 To those who make such subjects special study,
 Than metamorphosis e'en in the body,
 If woman are called changeful known be
 What some call fickle, I think no man
 Will on due thought charge fickleness on woman,
 Since both alike, perhaps, with variation,
 Are subject nearly to the same mutation.

Sir Francis Drake's good ship so oft sustained
 Needful repairs that not a plank remained,
 If thus we find the body change, can we,
 At different periods, have identity?
 In other words, is this and that the same,
 Merely because the man has the same name?
 This point is nicer than some people deem,
 And shows that things are not just what they seem.
 I'll not indulge in questions which are nice,
 And to my friends will give the same advice.

This time we live in 's wonderful; displays
 How fast we live in these high favored days,

When art, and science, culture so much teach
 That their effects unto the masses reach,
 And humblest, youngest now, can seldom speak,
 Without the sciences and words in Greek,
 The very names of things will go to prove,
 That impetus we've got, how swift we move.
 The births and deaths are interesting, so
 Is that great lottery marriage, as we know,
 And have been taught by sage instruction given,
 That marriages, indeed, are made in heaven;
 If so, Heaven gives bad husband a good wife,
 Or the reverse as happens in this life,
 Thus here to prove their virtues in this state,
 One oft repented, but when all too late.
 The institution though is very good,
 This my opinion be it understood,
 Not this will avail you, your own judgment,
 You must pursue if in yours it has a lodgment,
 But if you make a change you do not like,
 You will not blame me for a sad mistake,
 Be wary, cautious, still wide awake.



THE USELESSNESS OF COMPLAINT.

“WHY should a living man complain?”
 This has been asked and may again,
 We know it seldom serves us much,
 Yet few there are if but a touch
 Of dire misfortune's iron rod,
 Has reached us we complain; as God
 Has made and sent us into life,
 Its state, conditions, are of strife,
 And this full well do all men know,
 That disappointment here below,

Must meet each each highly favored man,
 Woman, or child ; since time began,
 It ever was and e'er shall be
 Till time becomes eternity.

We may in words cease to repine,
 Yet with resolve are sure to whine,
 It does no good in any sorrow,
 More trouble to the loss to borrow ;
 But as if would relieve the heart ;
 But few will not lament the smart,
 And even if no word is uttered,
 Some murmur is half heard or muttered,
 Nor will philosophy avail us,
 For even reason's self will fail us,
 When hope has vanished all and flown,
 And we must struggle with the unknown.

Yet oft the thing that seems us best,
 If granted would be but unrest,
 Our greatest sorrow, dearest joy,
 Can but a while the mind employ,
 The one in time will mitigate,
 The other soon evaporate,
 Like dream which fleets at opening day,
 Visions like these must fade away.

Our only hope is—Providence,
 Who good and ill will still dispense,
 The bitter mingling with the sweet
 In due proportion as is meet,
 And drawing to himself our hearts,
 And their affections with the arts,
 So tender, loving, wise and good,
 That sometimes we have understood
 The bitterest cup was for the best,
 And weariness itself was rest,

When in each daughter and each son,
 The heart replied: "Thy will be done."
 The cure so radical took place,
 Of the disease remained no trace;
 But when at night was deepest sorrow,
 True joy returned upon the morrow,
 And the affections flowed out free
 In praise of Glorious Deity,
 Who knows our frame, does for the best,
 In whom the weary may find rest.

INTEMPERANCE.

WANT of restraint—intemperance
 May overtake the man, who once
 Knew how to rule himself, leave off
 The enchanting cup, when he enough
 Had quaffed; but it is rather tough
 When habit grows and still kept up,
 It soon becomes the drunkard's cup,
 And friends with whom it little matters
 Will say, "I have seen him take his bitters,"
 "I've smelt the perfume on his breath,"
 And try to word his moral death.

THE DEVIL IN PHILADELPHIA.

ON a good man the devil tried a trick
 That a week or more made him sick
 From mere depresssion;
 But shortly he rallied; all his art
 Failed to sever the true heart
 Or friendship's amiable part,
 By slanderous expression.

THE ANODYNE.

THE sun is not so very flaming now,
 And breezes blow refreshing on the brow ;
 The clouds are heavy, too, and rain presage,
 But that does not my anxious thoughts engage.
 For in this book which soon will see the light,
 And which I hope you'll read with much delight,
 Some pages are yet wanting to make up
 The matter equal to the usual scope.
 The printer, too, is waiting, and to try
 My patience, this twenty-sixth of July,
 My brain's inactive, and to write a line
 Seems quite beyond these humble powers of mine,
 And to produce aught worth the reading's hard,
 For labored lines are shameful to a bard ;
 And an apology would be worse still,
 No use to say I writing will write ill.
 I'll face the music then and effort try,
 Should you not like it till the day I die,
 Ne'er trouble reading henceforth verse of mine,
 But should my talent in the essay shine,
 I hope your patronage you'll still extend,
 And show yourself forever my kind friend.

My sweet canary's singing in his cage,
 His song is pleasant, and does oft engage
 My sombre thoughts by cheerful melody,
 A happy bird apparently is he.
 A skillful hand upon the organ plays,
 Which to invent was St. Cecilia's praise,
 Its harmony emotions sweet call forth ;
 Especially since tuned by Mr. North.
 My children still around me all I see,
 Save one, a noble boy, and now at sea.

On the good ship "Alliance" he does serve,
 And will, I trust, his duties right observe.
 His mother parted him, they met no more,
 But will again upon another shore.
 Her voice no more within my home is heard,
 No joys or sorrows with her more are shared,
 She left me fourteen months ago to-day,
 And more missed now than when she went away.
 In Mount Moriah's peacefully she rests,
 Freed from the cares that trouble human breasts;
 A state I deem of more serene repose,
 Than can be found alternated with woes,
 Nor do I think our pleasures here can be
 Compared with joys of immortality.
 It is not here that due reward is given,
 The just reap theirs in an enduring heaven.

Dark clouds of sorrow on the heart will burst,
 But even when they do so, at the worst,
 We yet have hope that sorrow's deepest trace
 Will be wiped out in endless dwelling-place,
 Where all is happiness and peace and love,
 Ever with God in the great house above.
 Most people now desire and steal away,
 For healthful recreation at Cape May,
 Long Branch, Atlantic City; mountain scenes
 And rural solitudes for those who have means
 Are much the rage, the custom, and the passion,
 To spend the summer here is out of fashion.
 And yet I oft have deemed it but a pity,
 That those who dwell in this our lovely city,
 Should yet have failed more carefully to mark
 The banks of Schuylkill and the spacious Park
 Just at our doors where all attractions are,
 For health or pleasure nor removed so far,
 Or with expense attended or much time
 Saving of this and also many a dime.

'Tis curious to look back on thirty years,
 Since past, what varying charge appears ;
 So strange we often fail to know the places
 We knew before, and where, where, are the faces
 That smiled on us ? the hands, too, we have pressed
 In love or friendship ? Is the mind distressed
 To think we'll meet no more on earth again,
 Or is there compensation for the pain,
 To think that separation from our friends is brief ?
 To me, I think, it somewhat gives relief ;
 Yet, in the silent watches of the night,
 When darknesss shrouds without a gleam of light,
 When sleep, indulged awhile, again is fled,
 Are not are our thoughts pursuing the absent dead,
 And do not things of life to us but seem
 The restless vision of a changeful dream ?

Does not regret come quick with poignant smart,
 And fix its bitter arrows in the heart ?
 While silent tears the nightly pillow steep,
 And copious floods constant we sorrowing weep,
 Sad at the mere reflection that decay,
 Disease, and death, have carried far away,
 And from us parted all youth's fairest flowers,
 And swept them from the dear enchanting bowers,
 Where once they flourished, in our youthful bloom,
 Ere early blasted by the opening tomb ?

Yet 'mid such revolutions hope will spring !
 Hope ardent, flattering, pretty buoyant thing !
 Hope which so often the fond heart deceives,
 But which implicitly the heart believes.
 Look on a quarter struck in sixty-one,
 How many hopes departed, this being done ;
 Take up another struck in sixty-two,
 And mark the effect that this will have on you ;
 Then when upon the years your thoughts you fix,
 Take one the coinage made in seventy-six,

How great the change since ! Again let us see,
 Here is a piece from mint of eighty-three ;
 Ponder, reflect, and tell me if you know,
 How are our joys and sorrows mingled so,
 Our pains, our griefs, our varied hopes and fears,
 The circumstances swaying in past years,
 Then say with all : Is there not pleasure still,
 Some joy that will the beating bosom fill,
 And 'mid all griefs, a soothing balm impart,
 To heal the throbbings of each wounded heart ?



THE SUNFLOWER.

BLOOMING in my bower
 Is a beautiful sunflower,
 Raised with majestic stem—
 With golden diadem.
 I cease not to admire
 How it seems to grow higher ;
 Almost every day it appears
 Some inches more it rears
 Higher its head so bright,
 As once grew in a night
 That gourd the prophet once
 Saw much to enhance
 His safety and comfort, too,
 So great a shade it grew.
 This flower loves the sun,
 As he his course will run ;
 Its disk of the yellow gold
 You need scarce be told,
 Turns to the orb of day,
 And still drinks his ray.



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